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French Impressions of the Music in London.

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II.

THALBERG.

JUNE 13. The event of this week is Thalberg. . . . We all knew that he could not grow any further, but he remains as he was—and that is good enough—the incomparable pianist, who first lent a voice to the keys, who has discovered in the piano effects unknown before him; the artist who has revealed a new law, who has been imitated in a hundred fashions, equalled in none. Nobody in fact has been so much imitated; his manner has been parodied, exaggerated, twisted, tortured, and it may have happened more than once to all of us to curse this Thalbergian school, which overwhelmed us with such an avalanche of notes and arpeggios above and below, with commonly not the least particle of song in the middle. The apostles have altered the word of the master. But when one comes back to the source, he is reconciled and prostrates himself anew, as he did twenty years ago, in the time of youth and enthusiasm. Besides, how admirably the external advantages of Thalberg suit the taste of good English society! That self-possessed and easy attitude, that air *de bon ton*, that Olympian calmness, that benevolent physiognomy, joined to a tranquillity of head and body which makes you doubt if it be really his own fingers that execute these prodigies!

• • • • It would be difficult to say which of the pieces was the most applauded. Among the new compositions it was perhaps the *Ballade*, a piece entirely Thalbergian, a ravishing *bijou*, yet not more ravishing than the old pieces of the great pianist. The fact is, Thalberg is the chief of a school, a seeker, but one who at the first stroke has attained perfection; and his *Etude in A*, his *Tremolo*, his *Fantasia on Moïse* and on *Don Juan* will eternally remain models of their kind, just as the first products of the art of printing are to this day the most precious. Among the old pieces, next to the *Don Juan* fantasia, "Home, sweet Home" seems to have most transported the audience. This last piece has been rendered the most popular of all the Thalberg pieces here by the greatest English pianiste, Mme. Arabella Goddard; and Thalberg, doubtless having learned that Mme. Arabella Goddard (his pupil, if you please) was prevented from appearing in public during the present season, knowing too that no one would play his favorite *morceau* like her, wished to inaugurate his matinées by playing it himself. He was recompensed for this attention, and was applauded as if Mme. Arabella Goddard had played it.

Of the nine pieces composing the programme of the first matinée, eight were of Thalberg's composition; the ninth was a *Tarantella*, not the one by Thalberg, but an unpublished *Tarantella* by Rossini. They have made a great noise here in their announcements and on the placards about

this new and unpublished composition of Rossini, as they did some time ago in Paris about another unpublished composition of his, "*Les Titans*," played in the hall of the Conservatoire. The *Tarantella* of Rossini is no doubt a charming gem, but one that must count for a mere trifle in the immensity of the musical treasures of the great Italian master; and since it is unpublished and is to remain so, as we are assured, why all this demonstration upon Thalberg's placards and these thumps of the big drum that accompany it? They make a mistake. The great pianist has no need of it, and, certainly, the author of "*William Tell*" has none.

A SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS.—ONLY A GUINEA A LESSON.

To tell you how many pianists there were present at this first matinée would be impossible; it is something fabulous; and all, mind you, pianists of the first order. They are not the class who will cry out about the dear price of tickets—the only criticism to which these concerts of Thalberg could be liable;—to these artists, who give concerts themselves, who are paid a guinea a lesson, the *entree* of the hall is free; whereas for another class of respectable artists, for that mass of professors of both sexes who are obliged to give their lessons cheap, and who, because they are less known, cannot go into the hall without paying; yet who, more than all the others, have a desire to hear Thalberg, so as to take a lesson in his manner of playing and of teaching his music; for these the price of a guinea appears very high. And it costs them not only a guinea; but the price of the two or three lessons which they have to miss must be taken into account.—Nevertheless a great number of these honorable and useful artists, especially among the women, have unhesitatingly imposed upon themselves this sacrifice. These gold pieces payed at the door by these modest talents, bearing overshoes and umbrellas, and who find it necessary also to add a little silver piece to complete the guinea, should make Thalberg prouder than the handfuls of gold negligently tossed by the powdered lackies of great ladies who throng to him in carriages.

A LONDON PROGRAMME.

A few days ago, Mr. Howard Glover, the eminent musical critic of the *Morning Post*, and who, like his *confrère* of the *Debats*, is at the same time a great composer, gave his annual concert—concert superb, of which the programme comprised, all told, *five and forty numbers*. I can affirm that it commenced at half past one precisely; I should be more embarrassed to tell you when it was over. Forty-five pieces! I am not yet up to that point of endurance, but, trust me, it will come. Luckily the pieces which interested me more particularly figured at the top of the programme; I mean some fragments of Mr. Glover's opera *Ruy Blas* and of his operetta: "Once too often," the latter of which has had

and continues to have so great a run. This work, with "*The Lily of Killarney*" by Benedict, has been the greatest success of the last season of the English Opera, and it is now making the tour of all the provincial towns and all the amateur theatres, of which the number is much greater in England than in France.

You think perhaps that in a concert composed of forty-five pieces there must have been a good deal of *remplissage*. Undeceive yourself; you shall judge of it, and I am going to cite to you only some of the names that figured on the programme: Mmes. Tijtens, Trebelli, Lemmens-Sherington, the sisters Marchisio, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Reichardt, Formes, Santley, Giuglini, Gassier, Belletti, Mr. and Mrs. Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. Pratten, flutist of the first merit; Lavigne, excellent oboist, and Lazarus, one of the greatest clarinetists; Messrs. Aguilar, Sloper, Benedict, Hallé, Joachim, &c.

The name of Joachim comes under my pen, and I vainly regret that I cannot devote to him to-day more than a simple mention, for he is one of the greatest artists of our epoch; he played last evening divinely the violin Concerto of Beethoven, at the fourth *séance* of the "Musical Society of London." But the music gets ahead of us just now, and with the best will in the world one is forced to pass over in silence artists even of the highest merit. Here, for example, is M. Becker, violinist, whose reputation is great in Germany and will become as great in England; M. Davidoff, a Russian violoncellist, who makes himself applauded by the side of Piatti, which is a great deal; and M. Laub, a German violinist, who finds means to win applause by the side of Joachim, which is still more.

CHARLES HALLÉ.

• • • • M. Hallé has resumed this year his "Beethoven Recitals," that is to say a complete course, in eight sessions, of all the Sonatas of Beethoven in chronological order. He has commenced the first session by the first three Sonatas, dedicated to Haydn; he will conclude the last by the *Opus* 111, the last Sonata of the colossal genius, and without ever allowing any inversion of the *Opus* numbers. This is very interesting, very instructive, and above all it is admirably executed; but it is the despair of order and of method; it is too much like a catalogue of music. A little variety would do no harm, and Art admits even a little of disorder, as Boileau teaches us.

PIANOS, &c., AT THE EXHIBITION.

If, to admire the marvels of the industry of all nations and to withdraw yourself a moment from the too dense musical atmosphere of London, you turn your steps towards Kensington, you will make a strange mistake. Music has inaugurated the Exhibition; it has taken possession of it; it will not abandon it. Only, in the interior of London, although the space within which the concerts, theatres, &c., are concentrated, is very

limited, they cannot always force you to hear more than a single concert at a time. At the Exhibition it is no longer so: there it is not a concert, but twenty concerts which you hear simultaneously, and concerts given too by artists of the first rank.

The makers have engaged these artists, to show off their instruments. Alfred Jaell plays there the American pianos of Steinway; another, those of the house of Pleyel; Herr Pauer (a great musician), the Austrian pianos. Henri Herz has not had to go far to find a great artist to make his pianos tell. M. Lefebvre-Wely gives magnificent concerts on Debain's Harmoniums; the celebrated flutist, Pratten, tries the flutes of Boosey; he is accompanied by Mr. Elliot on the Evans Harmoniums.—I pass them by, and better ones. A celebrated English maker has offered Thalberg £60 each time to play his instruments at the Exhibition, and a music publisher has proposed to double this sum if the great pianist would consent at the same time to execute such pieces (Thalberg's own pieces by the way) as he would indicate to him. Thalberg has declined these offers. Among the piano makers, M. Boisselot alone has had the good sense positively to forbid their giving public concerts on his instruments at the Exhibition. Their excellence has been all the better recognized, and I learn . . . But I must not trench on the domain of your learned *collaborateur* (M. Fétis), the eminent president of the jury of rewards, who is soon to render you an account, with his own master pen and with the authority of his illustrious name, of all the musical marvels of the Exhibition.

While the pianos and harmoniums are working away, the trumpets, the kettle-drums, the double-basses do not remain idle, nor are the church organs there only to be looked at. I noticed in the French part of the Exhibition an instrument of copper of at least 3 *mètres* in height to two in width, but which is played as easily as a flageolet; naturally enough they try that too, and I swear to you that one does not have to be very near to hear it.

There are also cannons in the Exhibition. If the late M. Jullien were still alive, what a fine concert he would give there!

The French makers, at least, have a very plausible reason for making a noise; they have been put away up stairs (in the first story) and in the most retired corner of the building, behind the colored glasses and alongside of the surgical instruments; nobody would stray into these latitudes, and the instruments would remain unperceived, if the strange noise of pianos, double-basses, organs and triangles, making themselves heard at the same time, did not attract visitors.

The public seem to take great pleasure in these improvised concerts, and since the price of admission does not exceed a shilling, mistresses of boarding schools take their young pupils to the Exhibition in a body, to let them hear the music. In fact, by means of one shilling (they even deliver 21 admissions to boarding schools for 20 shillings), they can give their pupils a chance to hear the best artists; what is more, they have their choice between several, and so these young girls can attend fine concerts, with an economical saving also of the gloves and toilet required by the concerts in the city. The mistresses themselves take a good lesson there, and they can put

their young charge to bed in good season. These hundreds of young girls ranged around these pianos, and listening with more or less attention to the music, offer really a charming spectacle. I have remarked all along, that the concerts of the French section of the Exhibition are much neglected by this young audience; these young girls keep themselves in preference near the English and the Belgian pianos. I have also remarked, to be sure, that the former have for their immediate neighbor the trophy of dolls, and that the Belgian pianos are close to the bonbons of Boissier. Do these young damsels prefer the dolls and the bonbons to the surgical instruments? It is quite possible.

SINGERS IN LONDON.

I read in the last number of the *Gazette Musicale*, that the opera theatre of the Court at Vienna is vacant. I cannot doubt it, for nearly all the artists of Vienna are in London, and for the moment one could believe himself transported to the *Kärnthnerthor*. And here comes too Mlle. Liebhardt, the *Zerlina*, the *Prasconia*, the *Princess*, in short the light singer of the Imperial Opera of Vienna. As yet she is engaged nowhere especially, she will sing everywhere; she commenced at the Lord Mayor's in the "city" (a profound savant, who honors me with his friendship, pretends that it must be pronounced *Tchiti*) where she sang yesterday. This evening it is at St. James's Hall, then in the concert of Benedict's Vocal Association, and tomorrow at Her Majesty's Theatre, where a concert is to be given.

Another artist, also from Vienna, and to whose debut a certain importance was attached, Herr Wachtel, appeared for the first time, on Saturday last, at Covent Garden, in the part of *Edgardo* in *Lucia*. Those who only appreciate in Tamberlik his *ut dièse de poitrine*, will be overwhelmed by Wachtel; the *ut dièse* is child's play for him; he takes the *re*, the *mi* natural, without the least effort. Herr Wachtel, by his truly exceptional voice, has made a sensation in his own country, but I fear he will not find the same success either in London or in Paris. This artist certainly has voice, he has more of it than is necessary; but if his voice is large, it is in no way beautiful, two very distinct things, which people too often confound. Moreover, Herr Wachtel is completely wanting in taste, just as he wants ear, for he sings false, and not accidentally, but with as much persistency as assurance.

I should fear to pass this judgment on an artist Wachtel's reputation after a single hearing; but the second representation of *Lucia* was no more favorable to him than the first; and last evening, at St. James's Hall, my impressions were confirmed by the subscribers of the Musical Society, in the concert in which they heard him.—M. Capponi, a new *basso*, who sang the part of Raymond in *Lucia*, is a good acquisition for the theatre; and Delle Sedie, who is far from possessing the voice of Wachtel, attains perfection by the art with which he sings the part of Ashton. The great success of the evening was, as it is always when she sings, for Mlle. Patti. In the crazy scene, especially, the enthusiasm went so far as tears. Patti knows how to show herself as touching, as poetic in *Lucia* and the *Traviata*, as she is sprightly and full of *espièglerie* in *Don Juan* and *Il Barbiere*.

Last evening they played the *Prophète*, and we

saw again Mlle. Czillag, whom one regrets to hear so rarely, in the beautiful rôle of *Fides*. The *Prophète* is perhaps the best mounted opera they have at this Covent Garden Theatre, where so many *chefs d'œuvre* are so perfectly rendered. Every part in it is perfect, from Tamberlik, who is *John of Leyden*, to Tagliafico, who is the *Count of Oberthal*, and you do not hear the part of *Bertha* better sung than by Mme. Rudersdorf. The orchestra does wonders. Costa conducts this magnificent work *con amore* and consequently *con brio*. Czillag was recalled after the fourth act and at the end. This great artist will be admirable in Gluck's *Orfeo*, which they are preparing for the end of the month. [Given up, unfortunately!]

(To be Continued.)

A Philharmonic Jubilee.

(From the London Times, July 12.)

The Jubilee Concert was worthy to commemorate the event in honor of which it was projected—viz. the successful completion of the 50th year of the Philharmonic Society—its golden wedding with the sympathies of our musical public. The fact of its taking place has already been recorded in a few lines; but the occasion is too interesting to be dismissed with a brief historical paragraph. Since its institution in 1813 the Philharmonic Society has—to use a homely phrase—seen various ups and downs. Nevertheless, even in its darkest and most threatening periods, it has never once departed from the high standard which it set itself from the beginning, never once by lowering that standard endeavored pusillanimously to minister to a taste less scrupulous and refined than that to which it made its first appeal and to which it is indebted for a world-wide celebrity. Thus it has never forfeited the good opinion of those who actually constitute the tribunal adjudging in this country the real position of the musical art, and who have invariably rallied round the Philharmonic in its moments of temporary trial. Amid all kinds of well-intended, however bigoted opposition, the society has submitted to reform after reform, and preserved its moral equilibrium—a sign that its constitution is of the strongest and the healthiest. The office of leader was done away with, and the undivided control of the conductor's stick established; but the concerts, in the face of endless hostile presentiments, went on as usual. No one, in the end, regretted the fiddle and piano, which rather fought against each other than helped each other out. A plurality of conductors was next gradually abolished—for the wholesome despotism of one, engaged from year to year to direct the whole of the eight performances; and yet, loud as was the outcry from many quarters, the Philharmonic firmly and consistently held its course, until opposition died away, and the perpetuation of the new system was sanctioned by unanimous approval. The late Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, our national English composer, the illustrious Prussian Mendelssohn, and Herr Ignace Moscheles, the renowned pianist, were alternately appointed conductors; and at one time the idea was entertained that Mendelssohn himself would consent to undertake season after season, the sole direction. Mendelssohn, however, was too deeply absorbed in other pursuits, and the hope of his becoming perpetual conductor was speedily and inevitably abandoned.

Many and serious discussions now ensued upon the claims of this and that professor to undertake the responsibilities of the post, which ultimately—in 1846—was offered to and accepted by Mr. Costa. That gentleman continued in office, with manifest advantage to the performances, until 1854, when, after a brilliant reign of nine years, he abdicated. With a single exception this was the severest blow ever dealt to the Society. But, nothing daunted, the Directors for the following year—with the indefatigable Mr. Anderson (who has been one of the seven annually elected for

nearly a quarter of a century) at their head—obtained the services of a new conductor, as notorious as Mr. Costa, though from another point of view. The year 1855, during which Herr Richard Wagner wielded the baton, was one of the most disastrous on record. Happily his engagement terminated with the series of concerts, and, as the Music of the Future did not seem to sort with the complexion of our one great conservative institution, its renewal was never contemplated. At this juncture it was generally rumored that the Philharmonic was on its last legs. "What a pity," said one, "to stop seven years short of its Jubilee!" "Half a century," observed another, "would be such a respectable term of existence! It might then decently give up the ghost, having performed its mission." "And," interrupted a third, "leave the rest to be worked out by younger and more energetic hands." On all sides the opinion prevailed, that if Mr. Costa could not be prevailed upon to accept office again, there was an end of the Philharmonic. But how was that to be brought about? Mr. Costa had not been dismissed from his post (the idea of dismissing Mr. Costa!) he had resigned it of his own accord; and unless the seven directors—on behalf of the forty members and sixty associates—were to approach the great Neapolitan with words of contrite repentance, and crying "Peccavimus!" beg him on their knees to save them, he would be likely to turn a deaf ear to their petition. This course, however, did not suggest itself; or, at any rate, if suggested, was not carried out. On the other hand, the vigorous constitution of the Society once more stood it in good stead. Even this last blow failed to prove mortal. At the eleventh hour it was remembered there was such an English musician as Mr. Sterndale Bennett—an old member of the Philharmonic, who had frequently served as conductor, and in bygone years as often conducted the performances. To Mr. Bennett was tendered the conductor's baton, which he courageously grasped, and has wielded ever since, with honor to himself and profit to his employers. From the first season during which this eminent musician officiated as conductor, the star of the Philharmonic has shone with undiminished lustre, and its fortunes have steadily risen; this, too, in spite of a still more deadly blow than the voluntary secession of his celebrated predecessor, viz. the involuntary secession of no fewer than forty-seven of the most distinguished members of his orchestra. In 1861 the duties of these excellent professors, at the Italian Opera, were found incompatible with those which called them, about once a fortnight in the spring and summer months, to the Hanover Square Rooms. The extra nights at Covent Garden being now extended to Mondays, and the Philharmonic concerts also taking place on Mondays, the one or the other must be abandoned. Mr. Gye (who can blame him?) would not dispense at these extra performances with the services of more than half his band; and so there was no alternative for the Philharmonic but to change its nights or give up its concerts. To give up the concerts was out of the question. To change the nights of performance was difficult for more reasons than one; in addition to which there was a sort of superstitious dislike to any such innovation on the custom of nearly half a century. Here was the worst dilemma of all. Never before had the society found itself in such a strait; for until now it had been a sort of traditional etiquette to consider the Philharmonic concerts, like those of the Sacred Harmonic, privileged. Times had changed, however, and the tradition was ignored. The tough constitution of the society, nevertheless, even in this grave emergency, helped to save it. It was too hale and hearty, and its ways of life too honest and simple, to be doomed to die just yet. The spirits of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Weber, Spohr and Mendelssohn, would have risen to forbid it. The forty-seven involuntarily seceders were promptly replaced by forty-seven new comers; some from Her Majesty's Theatre (also, by the way, rather tenacious of life), some from the Crystal Palace, and some from Professor

Bennett only knows where. At any rate, in 1861, the 49th series of Philharmonic concerts—which many of the society's most constant patrons never expected to see—commenced as usual, with a grand orchestra, of nearly eighty performers; and, as if to throw down the gauntlet to destiny, the directors, who modestly and timorously had reduced the number of concerts to six, resolved in the interim, wisely and boldly, to revive the old system (dating from 1813), and return to the time honored "eight." The incidents of the seasons 1861 and 1862 are tolerably familiar to our readers. The new (or almost new) band has been brought more and more under the control of the conductor; and the first eight symphonies of Beethoven (to speak of nothing else) have been twice performed in such a manner as to sustain the well-earned reputation of the Philharmonic. In short, the society was never in a more flourishing condition; and, instead of dissolving at the end of the fiftieth season, as was anticipated, it was celebrated the other night—in St. James's Hall (the Hanover Square Rooms not being big enough for the occasion)—with a "Jubilee" concert of varied and splendid attraction, attended by one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever assembled at a musical entertainment. Thus, in the year of expected dissolution, the patrons of the Philharmonic have had nine performances instead of eight, their profits of the extra concert amounting to little short of 500*l*. As this was a really memorable event in the annals of a society the earliest to call attention to genuine music in this country—a society to which we owe the knowledge, now so general, of the greatest orchestral works of the greatest orchestral composers, which revived Haydn and Mozart, introduced us successively to Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, and at the concerts of which nearly all the most admirable performers on various instruments of the last half century have from time to time appeared—we append the programme of its "Jubilee Concert"—a document to be read with interest by all who wish well to art:—

PART I.

Overture, "Leonora".....Beethoven
Recitative and Aria, "Matilda von Guise".....Hummel
Concerto in D minor, violin.....Spohr
Hymn, soprano solo, chorus, and organ.....Mendelssohn
Prayer.....Mendelssohn
Fantasia, Pianoforte, orchestra and chorus.....Beethoven
Finale, "Lorelei," soprano solo, with chorus Mendelssohn
Overture, composed expressly for this occasion S. Bennett

PART II.

Sinfonia in C (Jupiter).....Mozart
Scena, "via la Soli,".....Bellini
Theme Variée, violoncello.....Piaatti
Arietta, con Coro (Armida).....Gluck
Aria, "With joy the impatient husbandman".....Haydn
Overture (Euryanthe).....Weber
Conductor: P. Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

As we believe the principal artists, vocal and instrumental, gave their services gratuitously, we shall not criticize this concert. And, indeed, were we to undertake the task we should have little but praise to award, inasmuch as the singing and playing was of the highest order, every one without exception evincing an amount of zeal in proportion to the importance of the occasion. The sensation created by Herr Joachim, in Spohr's fine concerto; by Mad. Lind Goldschmidt, in Mendelssohn's Hymn (organ, Mr. E. J. Hopkins), and the *bravura* from *Beatrice di Tenda*; and by Mlle. Titiens, in the magnificent *finale* from *Lorelei*, is indescribable. As a matter of course, they were in each instance unanimously recalled. Mr. Santley, too, in the airs from Hummel's *Matilde* and Haydn's *Seasons*, and Sig. Piaatti in his brilliant and well-written variations, received the most flattering applause; while last not least, Mrs. Anderson, whose final appearance in public it was, and who thus worthily terminated a long and honorable career in a composition by the great Beethoven which she had been the first to introduce to the English public—how many years since it is needless to enquire—was greeted, both on entering the orchestra and at the conclusion of her performance, with hearty and general cheers, that did not subside until she once more appeared to bid farewell to her admirers. Professor Sterndale Bennett was, nevertheless, amid all the talent that surrounded him, the

legitimate hero of the evening. When he stepped on the platform he was hailed with enthusiasm; and after the overture of Beethoven and the symphony of Mozart—by which masterpieces the efficiency of the orchestra he may be said to have improvised as well as trained was most favorably tested—the demonstrations were renewed. But it was the new and beautiful overture, suggested by Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, which he had composed for the occasion—decidedly one of the most finished, as it is one of the most original and imaginative works from his pen—that afforded the audience the fittest opportunity of expressing their high estimation of Professor Bennett's services. Notwithstanding its many difficulties, the execution of this new work was one of the most absolutely perfect we remember; and thus the members of the band were able to show in the most graceful manner the respect they entertained for their conductor. The overture was listened to from first to last with an extraordinary amount of interest, and the composer recalled to the orchestra at the conclusion amid a storm of applause. As, no doubt, *Paradise and the Peri* will be one of the chief features at the next series of concerts, we may for the present defer speaking of it at such length and in such detail as its merits demand. The romantic and chivalrous prelude of Weber, always one of the capital displays of the Philharmonic orchestra, brought the Jubilee Concert—a "Jubilee" in the fullest sense—to an end with becoming pomp. There was then another cheer for Professor Bennett, and the brilliant company dispersed.

The Life of a Composer, an Arabesque.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Concluded from page 147.)

The German opera was followed by a flourishing epilogue from the Harlequin, who made his exit with a skip.

A brisk and enlivening waltz now struck up; the masks disperse in the crowd, and the spectators gather in little groups, and give vent to their critical feelings.

"What a ridiculous farce!" exclaimed a blue domino near me. "What wretched trash!" cried a second. "I would challenge the Old One himself to explain what it all means," observed a third.

A *Spaniard*. "Your pardon sir; if you turn it over in your mind, I think you will discover that there is something in all this. At least, if I may speak for myself, I must say I am delighted with it."

The *Blue Domino*. "Sir, with all due submission, I cannot help thinking it a mere farrago; and then as for the verses—"

Magician. "Fairly and softly, good sir knight of the blue! or I shall assuredly shiver a lance with you."

The *Domino* did not wait to reply, but vanished in a trice.

Magician. "Ha! ha! Mr. Critic, I know you: we shall meet again."

A neat peasant girl advances to a Turkish lady: "Well, what a pity you were not here to see it. The lady had not much to say for herself, but then she was charmingly dressed, and as for the lover—heavens! what pitiful faces he made; it was enough to make one burst with laughter; and yet the conclusion was horribly beautiful—horribly so indeed!"

A *Gypsy Girl*. "Oh! it was quite divine!"

"Here are specimens of criticism for you!" exclaimed a poet, who had just tossed off a huge jorum of punch; "what is trash with one, is beauty with another; and the lady's tawdry finery has more weight with a third, than the most finished of my verses."

"My good friend," said Felix, "don't be out of humor; rather take a lesson from all this. You have here a picture in miniature of the public of all times and places. It is thus that every simpleton thinks himself entitled for some dozen sons to pass judgement upon things of which he knows nothing, and on which he has never bestowed a thought in his life. Thus, in an instant, are the labors of long years trampled in the dust, and thus does the caprice of the moment find that divine now, which a few hours hence it may pronounce to be dull and insipid. With critics of this stamp, the accidental blunder of a scene-shifter is sufficient for the condemnation of a whole piece; nor, in many instances, are the decisions of the cognoscenti at all more reasonable, though differing in mode and degree."

Dihl. Your observation is, in many respects, just, as I have had opportunities of witnessing. And yet the rabble have their influence, sir, and must be written for; and hence the popularity of such pieces as the *Donauschützen*, and others of the same stamp.

Felix. Even so, sir; and then your genteel rabble, hearing of the *furor* which the piece has made, are desirous to see it. They go: decry it with all their might, and return to see it again and again. Thus it is that taste is ruined. Nothing is more true than the observation, that every man may form his own public. Do but give that public such productions as are truly excellent, and they will soon appreciate and become familiar with such excellence.

Dihl. You know, brother, that I love music to my very heart and soul, and am as much disposed to pardon the faults of composers as any man; but really, between ourselves, these new-fangled operas of our day have done an infinite deal of harm.

Felix. There sir, you touch me in a most vital part. How often must I be obliged to prove to you, that true as this observation may be in part, yet on the whole—

"Stop thief! stop thief!" roared a hundred voices together at this moment. In an instant I was separated from my friend by the rush of the crowd, and as I was endeavoring to find him, a person closely masked took me by the arm, and whispered in my ear, "So your highness, I have found you!" Seeing me draw back, and survey him from top to toe, this mysterious personage approached me more closely. "What, does not your highness recognize me, Dario?" "Sir, you mistake." "O no, your highness is earlier than I expected, but just in time—lose not a moment Emily." "Ha!" I exclaimed, "Emily!" and a thousand thoughts rushed at once through my soul, and filled me with indescribable emotion. I listened with the most breathless attention. "You know," continued he, "that Emily is passionately fond of dancing; I have one or two of my friends who constantly surround her, and others have engaged the old lady her aunt in deep conversation. Lose not a moment, your highness." "O worthy friend!" muttered I, and gave him so hearty a squeeze of the hand, that he was ready to roar out with pain. "Ah! I was sure your highness would be ready to die with joy." So saying he dashed into the crowd.

A *Polichinello* was in full activity in the quarter of the saloon towards which Dario had directed his course, and it was some time before I could make my way through the dense mass. At length I again caught a glimpse of the intriguing Italian. He was in deep conversation with three dominos in black; and before I could reach the spot where they stood, I saw them open a way through the crowd for a tall mask, who was leading by the arm a female dressed in white, with a lilac colored scarf. In the impulse of the moment I made a spring forward, and came in such violent contact with a couple of *gens-d'armes*, that they instantly seized me, exclaiming, "Here's the thief! so we have caught my gentleman at last!" While I was struggling to get free from their grasp, I had the mortification to see the three dominos in question make their exit through the side door of the saloon. I raved and tore like a madman, and by the violence of my manner, had nearly converted my sham arrest into one in earnest. The moment I got free I rushed into the street, but amidst the confusion of a hundred carriages, could discover no traces of the fugitives. In a transport of fury, rage, and despair, I hastened home to my lodgings. After the first burst of passion had subsided, the violence of which was, however, sufficient to discompose the slumbers of half the sober inmates of the house, I gradually became more calm and collected. "Fool that I am!" at length I exclaimed, "thus to fall into a fever at the mere mention of the name of Emily. And who is Emily? a being known to me only by name, and who, in all probability, feels not the slightest interest about me. Again, is there but one female of the name of Emily in the world? What proof have I that this is the person, whom, in my waking dreams, I have accustomed myself to call my Emily?"

Soothed by these reflections, and partly worn out by exhaustion, I at length fell asleep. But the lady in white and the lilac colored scarf continued to dance before my imagination; so that I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. I endeavored to compose my thoughts, and to settle down to composition, but in vain. I was in that unfortunate state of mind so common to men of impetuous tempers, in which the materials of unhappiness are produced, not from external but from interior causes. Where others feel mere joy, such men are in a transport; where others feel merely dejected, they are overwhelmed in bitterness of heart. They live, feel, and act in extremes; and this very sensibility is the active cause of their unhappiness, for, inexhaustible and all-

absorbing as it is in its nature, it can never fill up the void in the soul, which it has itself created there.

Several days passed in this state of mind. How often did I fly to music, in the hope to give utterance to the feelings that overwhelmed my soul; but all to no purpose. There was a chaos in my thoughts; and when I endeavored to reduce my feelings into order, they seemed to repel the effort, and to end in dulness and nollity of thought.

The common observation, that none but the gay can compose what is gay, and the sorrowful what is sorrowful, proved a fallacy in my case. He who first made this remark was but ill read in the human heart. The deeper feelings of the soul are felt, but not expressed. The true moment for the creation of a work of art is the first repose from passion, when the individual—so to express it—first abstracts its attention from itself, and fix it on other objects; and in the transitions from excitement to enthusiasm, find leisure to reflect, to arrange, and to give utterance to its feelings.

This moment had not yet arrived for me. It was some time before I recovered my spirits and usual tone of mind; and, at last, when reason and reflection had fully assumed their way, I formed a resolution to banish from my mind all thoughts of my former idol.

In this determination I very laudably persevered for some days, and was priding myself on having made a considerable progress in forgetting her, when the accidental view of my masquerade dress at once upset my resolution, and awakened all my former flame. I put my hand mechanically into the pocket of the coat I had worn the same evening, and found a paper, which at first glance I recognized to be the poem which his Satanic majesty had given me to compose, and which I had promised to bring him at the next ball. The mere inscription "To Emily" was of itself a sufficient motive for my so doing. I now felt desirous to examine its contents, and sat down to read it. It was a beautiful poem, and the spirit that breathed through the whole of it perfectly enchanted me. On a second perusal, a melody in unison with the sentiments it contained at once presented itself to my mind, and I had hastened to commit it to paper, and was giving it the last finished touches, when my friend Dihl came in.

"Heaven be praised," said he, "that I again see you at work, and that your countenance has resumed its usual serenity. Do I disturb you?"

"Ever and never. You were going to say"—

Dihl. "That it is inconceivable to me how you can continue to converse while you are composing. I have long wished to put some questions to you on that point."

"Yes, my dear friend, I could almost bring myself to believe with Plato, that men,—or at least myself,—possess two souls; for certainly I possess two faculties, the one of which is adapted to the nature of music, and the other to conversation. For instance, I am able to speak coherently and with ease on things totally different, and yet wholly occupied by my subject, and with all my soul, I can pursue a train of musical thought, and compose. I must, however, confess that, in so doing, I feel considerable exhaustion of spirits, not unlike the state of persons under the operation of certain gasses, who speak and do things of which they are unconscious."

Dihl. "And is it the same with you in respect to every kind of composition?"

"Not altogether. The more severe works of art, such as fugues, &c., prevent me from combining both."

Dihl. "That's curious enough. Now I should have fancied that it was precisely this sort of stuff that needed the least exertion of the faculties; and that for this purpose, it was sufficient for a composer to have properly digested his Kirnberger, Fux, Wolf and other animals of the same genus."

"On the contrary, in compositions of the abstract kind, it is absolutely necessary that our feelings should serve as guiding stars to direct our course over the dreary desert, lest we should be led astray by the pedantry of the schools."

Dihl. "The sensible manner in which you are now conversing with me is the most perfect evidence that you are not composing fugues."

"Ah! there it is? you uninitiated people can never let the poor fugues pass in peace. Well, then, to tell you the truth I was composing a song."

Having made my escape from the company, I returned to my quiet and lonely chamber, and once again tasted the sweets of that seclusion which I have always found so delightful and so beneficial.—Here I can throw off that restraint which I am obliged to assume in the society of strangers; that calm and unruffled exterior which conceals a heart agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, of which

the least part are those arising from the pressure of external circumstances. And, in this respect, I had so far gained the command over myself, that it was impossible for any one to conceive that a countenance so calm, not to say cheerful, as mine, could conceal a heart consumed by secret sorrows, which were wearing away at once my body and soul.

It is by pressure only that the wave is raised; by pressure alone does the spring show its elasticity, and difficulty and distress have alone produced great men. If therefore, it be permitted me to apply this reasoning to myself, my expectation of greatness ought to have some foundation, for sure never mortal experienced more discouraging or depressing occurrences than myself. In the least, as well as in the most important events of my existence, fate has thrown a thousand obstacles in my way; and if sometimes I have been successful, the hindrances I experienced, and the difficulties I had to surmount were incredible, and embittered the enjoyment. The only advantage—if advantage it can be called—derived from these benumbing feelings, is a gradual insensibility to the blows of destiny; so that joy itself is no longer able to make an impression upon me, because the startling conviction that it will assuredly be mingled with bitterness comes with it hand in hand, like an attendant spectre. From the moment of my birth to the present hour, the course which my life has been is different from that of other men.

It is not given me to dwell with delight on the recollections of a childhood spent in happy and heedless glee; nor was my boyhood like that of other boys. In the green years of youth, I am already an old man in experience—an experience derived wholly from myself and not from others. My bosom is a stranger to rational love, for my reason showed me too early that all the women by whom I was fool enough to fancy myself beloved, were only trifling with my feelings. One coquetted with me because I happened to be almost the only man in our village under forty; another pretended to love me for the sake of my talents; while a third gratified her vanity by giving myself and all the rest of the world, reason to suppose that I had made a conquest of her heart. My belief in female excellence, of which, in the enthusiasm of my early years, I had formed a sublime idea, is gone, and with it, too, a great share of my notions of human happiness. And yet, after all, would, to heaven, that I could find a female who would give herself the trouble to deceive me so ingeniously, that I might believe it all. How grateful should I be to her, even in awakening me from my dream of happiness; for, in spite of my hatred of the sex, I feel the necessity of loving them.

I said that my youth was unhappy; how could it be otherwise, since I lost my mother at a very early age, and became my father's pet? I was aware that he loved me to excess; and, in spite of all the esteem and love I felt for him in return, my feeling of confidence in him was shaken, if not destroyed.

I afterwards imagined I had found friends: custom and intercourse had bound them to me; we separated, and I was forgotten. I then threw myself into the arms of art. I taught myself to look upon great artists as little less than gods; but, upon a closer intimacy, I was astonished to find them, in spite of their approach to divinity, very nearly upon a level with myself. The masters were at open war, and abused each other in a most unheavenly manner; what then were the scholars to do!—O, thou divine art! if the incentives to comprehend thee were not in thyself, I should have been lost. And yet Thou, my only solace, my hope, my all, even Thou canst rise up against me as a foe, and at the very moment I am embracing thee in rapture of heart, canst dash me to the earth in the consciousness of my own nothingness. Circumstances, which narrow and cramp everything, and which,—like the fabled dress of Hercules—cling so painfully to humanity, set me at variance with myself, with my friends, with the art, nay, with Heaven—while I conform to them, I am wasting in secret away; while I laugh, I am perishing; while uttering some *jeu d'esprit*, I am pronouncing my death warrant.

In a word, misery is the portion of man; the image of perfection is ever before his eyes, but only to mock him with the impossibility of attainment; he is ever restless and discontented; he is a personified impulse without any settled power, will, or capability of repose. He may possess them for a moment, but they are evanescent phenomena, upon which it is impossible to calculate. To me there cannot be a more convincing proof of the truth of this, than the very speculations in which I am at this moment engaged, and which flow from the very fullness of my soul.

A Vision at Covent Garden.

(From "Punch.")

Has Mr. Gye been placing *Robert the Devil* upon the Covent Garden stage with a view to the settling

No. 18 REJOICE GREATLY, O DAUGHTER OF ZION.

Zachariah, ix v. 9.

AIR.
SOPRANO VOICE

ALLEGRO.

♩ = 96.

The musical score is written for Soprano Voice and Piano. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO' with a quarter note equal to 96 beats per minute. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.....', 're-joice,..... O daughter of Zi-on!', and 'O daughter of Zion! rejoice,..... rejoice,..... rejoice,.....'. The piano accompaniment features various dynamics including *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The vocal line includes a trill (tr) and a fermata. The piano part includes a tremolo in the right hand in the third system.

O daughter of Zi-on! Re-joice!... greatly, shout,..... O

daughter of Je - ru - sa - lem! Be-hold thy king cometh un - to thee.

Be - hold thy king cometh un - to thee... cometh un - to thee.

He is the

righ - - - teous Sa - vior, and he shall speak peace unto the hea -
 - then, he shall speak peace, he shall speak peace, peace, he shall speak
 peace, unto the hea - - - then, he is... the righ - - - teous
 Sa - vior, and he shall speak, he shall speak peace, peace,.....
 he shall speak peace un-to the hea - - - then. *A tempo.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo marking *A tempo.* appears at the end of the fourth system. The score ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

the Italian question? We do not mean the question whether Italian operas and operas in Italian can or cannot be better given at Covent Garden than anywhere else in Europe, because that question has been settled in the affirmative a long time ago, and even the Parisian critics are compelled to yield reluctant assent to the decision. But we mean the question of the resuscitation of the Pope's supremacy. The thought certainly occurred to us the other night as we gracefully lounged in our stall, and if the "waits" between the acts were not so short at this house, we might have thought the matter out on the spot. Let us do so here, where (his looking glass being turned up) Mr. Punch has no vision of loveliness to distract his eye, and where, Mrs. Punch having gone to the International to annoy others with her crinoline, he has not to take thought for his immortal ancles.

The situation of the respected Pope Pius the Ninth is most unquestionably and unmistakably set forth in that third act, and marvellous triumph as it is of scenic effect, its esoteric merit is even a higher virtue in the estimation of Mr. Punch. Sir. Bulwer saith,

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means."

No such veil interposes between Mr. Punch and the subtle mystery of the scene, and he beholds that terrible vision of the Nuns and the Branch with one eye on Salviani and the other on the Vatican. The process makes him squint horribly, but a true statesman is always ready to squint in the interests of humanity. Palmerston squinted a little in the direction of Nice, and may be even now thought to have a slight Mexican cast in his eye. Why, any stupid clown can look straight-forward—it requires genius to see both sides of a picture at once.

Yes, Mr. Gye, grateful to Italy for the demi-gods and double-goddesses of song whom she hath sent him, resolves to repay her by lending his aid to a settlement of her chief trouble; and he has placed, in such gorgeous guise as never was seen before, the story of the Pope's sin and trouble before the eyes of our International audiences. Let the foreigners, when they go back, say that a Miracle play has been got up for them, a Mystery, like that which Victor Hugo describes as having been seen on the broad stone at Notre Dame.

Behold those massive ecclesiastical ruins (Beverly, our son, your right hand, and may it never forget its cunning), stretching far back, the arcades, the huge windows, the still lofty tower. There is Rome. It is moonlight, dim moonlight, for has not her sun set? There are scattered the tombs, in the desecrated grave-yard. You shall see their contents anon. Enters the Tempter. He is master of the situation, and of all the jugglery thereof. You may think it is Formes, and truly that genial owner of the portentous voice was with us just now, but surely this evil presence has more of the priestly air. That sensuous, keen, crafty face is discharged of the tenderness that redeems Bertram from our entire hate—Bertram was a father—this is only a Monk. Do you not recognize Antonelli? But who next? Look, this is not Robert the Devil, but Pius the Dupe. He is bewildered, and he does not like the work that is set him. He has some recollections of a Will (see Dean Swift and Brother Peter hereon) which bids him abstain from unhallowed pursuits. The tempter ridicules his fears, and points to the Golden Branch. There it lies in the hand of the dead. "Take it," says the evil one, "and it will give you new power and authority, council-doors will fly open before it, and the bravest shall be struck down into stupor at its brandishing. Go, and take it." The tempted trembles. "The Will forbids me. The Golden Branch—it is not a Golden Rose—it is a Curse." "Take it, and use it, fool." But he will not. With a bitter sneer Bertrantonelli steps back, waves his hand, and summons his allies. The tombs yawn, the arcades whiten with spectral forms, and a crowd, gliding in procession, and performing all manner of imposing antics, suddenly surrounds Roberto Nono. What does it all mean? Dead superstitions, galvanized traditions, obsolete vows, lifeless observances, mocking homage, are resuscitated to intoxicate the unfortunate dupe—and, look again—those are not ruins; you behold the interior of St. Peter's, swaddled in grave clothes, and lit with smouldering candles, and all the Shams are dancing and careering around Pio il Diavolo. The fumes of the incense go up, and the enchantment seizes him, and he believes that he is to go forth conquering and to conquer. He snatches the Branch, and it is, as he truly said, a Curse. Brandishing it, and with his face glowing with the madness of his false exaltation, he waves his Branch—Pius the Dupe stands on high, and curses the nations of the earth who do not bow down to him and worship him. But what is the terrible red light that is lurking in those cloisters? What

are the hideous Things that as yet are creeping, cat-like to arch and pinnacle—drop the curtain, quick. The end is not yet.

Take the story back to Italy with you, ladies and gentlemen who have come over to our Show. And when you have preached the sermon, do justice to the text. Say that Meyerbeer's noble opera, which has been in abeyance for sundry reasons for many a year (is one of them a recognition of the fact that the grand scene may be something too appalling for Anglican tastes?) has been brought out by Mr. Gye with a splendor of illustration worthy the stage that has given us the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots*. Say that the magnificent and highly colored music is played and sung (you may say rendered and interpreted if you like slang) to perfection, and that Tamberlik's Robert and Formes's Bertram are each admirable—one for its chivalry, the other for its vigorous passion—and you may speak well, also, of ladies who put out their whole powers with a loyalty more effective and more welcome than much frigid perfection that hath been seen. Tell everybody that everybody who is anybody sees the Covent Garden Roberto.

Then add (it is due to the great composer, and to the greatest singer among us) that a second homage is done to Meyerbeer by the production of the same opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. That here, there is much to praise, and that here there is one feature on which praise is thrown away, seeing that all hath been said thereof which cunningly devised paragraphs can set out. Say that at Her Majesty's Theatre Titians holds the part of Alice. You will scarcely find an auditor to whom it is needful to say more. But should you meet such an one, add that those who desire to see and hear an Alice, should go to the Haymarket Opera House, while those who wish to witness and appreciate the opera of Robert the Devil must go to Covent Garden. It might not be unwise to imitate the first bishop of Bath and Wells, a Scot whose traditional answer to the King's inquiry which of those cities he would have for see was so broad a reading of the first name that the King thought he wanted—and gave him—Bath.

Mr. Punch is instigated to add, that should the Pope's perusal of these remarks (Punch is always translated to him by his Cross-bearer) induce him to wish to go to Covent Garden, he must telegraph to the box office under the portico in Bow Street—the management cannot be answerable for any mistake that may arise by people's being misled into the traps of touts. Infallibility will please to copy the address.

What Makes Things Musical.

"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you speak to break the spell, the silence closes in on your words, like the ocean on a pebble you throw into it. The wind sighs far off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy, my birds feel it, and stir dreamily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!'—Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their fairied harmonies are astir; the soft, liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep, plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp, and buzz, and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The Sun makes me musical," said the Forest.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Storms!" said the Sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or, now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind peals its wild trumpet-peals, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers.—My music is battle-music. STORMS make me musical," said the Sea.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Action!" said the Stream. "I lay still in my mountain cradle for a long while. It is very silent up there. Occasionally the shadow of an eagle swept across me with a wild cry; but generally from morning till night, I knew no change save the shadows of my rocky cradle, which went round steadily with the sun, and the shadows of the clouds which glided across me, without my ever knowing whence or whither. But the rocks and the clouds are very silent. The singing birds did not venture so high; and the insects had nothing to tempt them near me, because no honeyed flower-bells bent over me there—nothing but little mosses and gay lichens, and these, though very lovely, are quiet creatures, and make no stir. I used to find it monotonous sometimes, and longed to have power to wake the hills; and I should have found it more so, had I not felt I was growing, and should flow forth to bless the fields by and by. Every drop that fell into my rocky basin I welcomed; and, at last, the spring rains came, and all my rocks sent me down little rills on every side, and the snows melted into my dwelling, and I was free. Then I danced down over the hills, and sang as I went, till all the lonely places were glad with my voice; and I tinkled over the stones like bells, and crept among my crosses like fairy flutes, and dashed over the rocks and plunged into the pools with all my endless harmonies. ACTION makes me musical," said the Stream.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then, we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and hammered and fused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. SUFFERING has made us musical," said the Harp-strings.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Union!" said the Rocks. "What could be less musical than we, as we rose in bare crags from the hill-tops, or lay strewn about in huge isolated boulders in the valley? The trees which spring from our crevices had each its voice; the forests which clothed our sides had all these voices blended in richest harmonies when the wind touched them; the streams which gushed from our stony hearts sang joyous carols to us all day and all night long; the grasses and wild flowers which clasped their tiny fingers round us had each some sweet murmur of delight as the breezes played with them; but we, who ever thought there was music in us? Yet now a human hand has gathered us from moor and mountain and lonely fell, and side by side we lie and give out music to the hand that strikes us. Thus we, who had lain for centuries unconscious that there was a note of music in our hearts, answer one another in melodious tones, and combine in rich chords, just because we have been brought together. UNION makes us musical," said the Rocks.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Life!" said the Oaken-beam in the good ship. "I know it by its loss. Once I quivered in the forest at the touch of every breeze. Every living leaf of mine had melody, and all together made a stream of many-voiced music; whilst around me were countless living trees like myself, who woke at every dawn to a chorus in the morning breeze. But since the axe was laid at our roots, all the music has gone from our branches. We are useful still, they say, in the gallant ship, and our country mentions us with honor even in death; but the music has gone from us with life forever, and we can only groan and creak in the storms. LIFE made us musical," said the Oak-beam.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Joy!" laughed the Children, and their happy laughter pealed through the sweet fresh air as they bounded over the field, as if it had caught the most musical tones of everything musical in nature,—the ripple of waves, the tinkling of brooks, the morning song of birds. "JOY makes creatures musical," said the Children.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Love!" said the little Thrush, as he warbled to his mate on the spring morning, and the Mother, as she sang soft lullabies to her babe. And all the Creatures said—

"Amen! Love makes us musical. In Storms and Sunshine, Suffering and Joy, Action, Union, Life, LOVE is the music at the heart of all. Love makes us musical," said all the Creatures.

And from the multitudes before the throne, who, through fires of Tribulation and Storms of conflict, had learned the new song, and from the depth of Darkness and the silence of isolation had been brought together in the Light of Life to sing it, floated down a soft "Amen, for God is LOVE."

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From a statistical return of the performances at the Imperial Opera House, during the year from July 1, 1861, to May 31, 1862, it appears that there were 210 performances of opera, 90 of ballet, and 16 of mixed character, on the 316 evenings that the theatre was open. The following was the operatic repertory:

Auber, *Die Ballnacht*, 3 times; *La Part du Diable*, twice; Baffo, *The Bohemian Girl*, once; Beethoven, *Fidelio*, 4 times; Bellini, *Norma*, revived, 7 times; Boïeldieu, *La Dame Blanche*, 3 times; Cherubini, *Les Deux Journées*, 3 times; Donizetti, *Maria di Rohan*, revived, 6 times; *Le Philtre*, 4 times; *Belisario*, 4 times; *Lucrezia Borgia*, 8 times; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 3 times; *Linda di Chamounix*, once; *Don Sebastian*, 4 times; *La Fille du Regiment*, revived, twice; Flotow, *Stradella*, 3 times; *Martha*, 5 times; Gluck, *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, twice; Gounod, *Margarethe*, new, 17 times; Halévy, *La Juive*, 8 times; Kreutzer, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, twice; Lortzing, *Cesar und Zimmermann*, twice; Mailard, *Das Glöckchen* new, 8 times; Marschner, *Hans Heiling*, revived, 8 times; Mendelssohn, *Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, new, 4 times; Meyerbeer, *Robert le Diable*, 13 times; *Les Huguenots*, 8 times; *Le Prophète*, twice; *L'Etoile du Nord*, 6 times; *Die Zauberflöte*, 5 times; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 5 times; *Der Schauspieler*, 5 times; Nicolai, *Die Lustigen Weiber*, twice; Rossini, *Guillaume Tell*, 7 times; Schubert, *Die Verschworenen*, new, 12 times; Spohr, *Jessonda*, once; Verdi, *Ernani*, 7 times; *Il Trovatore*, 10 times; *Rigoletto*, 6 times; Wagner, *Der fliegende Holländer*, 10 times; *Lohengrin*, 3 times; Weber, *Oberon*, twice; *Der Freischütz*, 8 times.

BERLIN.—At Kroll's Theatre, the revival of *Des Adlers Horst* has proved a small mine of gold to the management. *Des Adlers Horst* is one of those works which seem to have become part and parcel of the German people. Some of its melodies are as firmly rooted in their hearts as "The British Grenadiers," or "The Girl I left behind me," is in those of our own population. It was first produced, about thirty years ago, at the old Königsstädtisches Theatre and ran for a great number of nights. The author of the libretto of the *Adler's Horst* was Herr Carl von Haltei, who enjoyed a fair literary reputation in his time. The composer of the music was Herr Franz Gläser, conductor at the theatre in question. He was not only an accomplished musician, but a man of great practical experience in all that related to the stage.

There have been grand doings at the Singacademie lately. His Majesty has presented that institution with a colossal marble bust of Louis Spohr, from the chisel of Herr Carl Bläser, jun. In commemoration of this event, so creditable to all persons concerned, a sort of inauguration festival was held, in the large hall, under the direction of Professor Grell, the bust occupying the place of honor in front of the singers. After a chorale by Zelter, came pieces from the two oratorios, *Die letzten Dinge*, and *Des Heilands letzte Stunde*, as well as Spohr's setting of the 8th Psalm. The last production was once executed by the Singacademie, in the presence of the composer. The simple but solemn musical ceremony was brought to a conclusion by Leonardo Leo's celebrated "Miserere." I may mention, with regard to the Singacademie, that, after the winter season, a number of the most sterling pieces have been selected for this year's practice, thus interesting both members and hearers. The following list of the works executed will prove this: 1. Ph. E. Bach: *Die Israeliten in der Wüste*. This oratorio, which, as far as I know, had never previously been executed in Berlin, was given in full. 2. Seb. Bach: "Ich lasse dich nicht." 3. Cherubini: *Requiem*. 4.

Curschmann: "Barmherzig und gnädig." 5. Jacobus Gallus (Hahn): "Ecce quo modo." 6. Grell: "Pöngstlied." 7. Jos. Haydn: "Der Frühling" (*Jahreszeiten*). 8. Antonio Lotti: "Crucifixus," for eight voices. 9. Palestrina: a. "Tu es Petrus;" b. "Ave, regina." 10. Perti: "Adoramus te." 11. Andreas Romberg: 12th Psalm. 12. Schicht: "Veni, sancte spiritus." 13. Stürmer: 15th Psalm. 14. Fasch: 16 part Mass. 15. Wilsing: "De profundis," for sixteen voices. 16. Wollank: *Requiem*. 17. Zelter: "Hymne an die Sonne," and "Preussische Festlieder," by Eccart and Stobhhaus. The summer vacation commenced on the 9th inst.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*.

COLOGNE.—An Englishman thus reports of the second day's performance of the recent Lower Rhine Musical Festival, (the first day having been devoted, as we have seen, to Handel's oratorio of "Solomon"):

It opened with the "Sanctus," "Pleni sunt Caeli," and "Hosannah," from the High Mass in B minor, for eight-part and double chorus, orchestra and organ, by J. S. Bach. Executed with genuine enthusiasm, these extraordinary specimens of sacred music produced a deep impression upon the *élite* of the public. The next selection, scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, was not so effective. In my opinion, scenes from operas should not form part of the programmes at musical festivals, even when the operas are distinguished by the classical purity and elevation of such a composer as Gluck. Operas require action; they are written with an eye to this, and, without it, must lose part of their value. Amongst the soloists—Mad. Dustmann-Meyer, Clytemnestra; Mlle. Conraths, Ifigenia; Herr Schneider, Achilles; Herr Becker, Agamemnon; and Herr Hill, Calchas—Herr Becker, as Agamemnon, was particularly conspicuous by his full, powerful voice, and his dramatic excellence. Herr Schneider's pleasing lyrical tenor was not sufficient for the scenes of Achilles, which require a strong heroic tenor, and even Mad. Dustmann only partially fulfilled the expectations the public thought itself justified in forming of the first fair dramatic singer of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. There was nothing remarkable in her performance, either vocally or dramatically; it is true that a portion of her shortcomings may be attributed to the fatigue inseparable from her continuous exertions at rehearsals and concerts.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony constituted the second part of the second day's concert. It was executed with an amount of spirit, precision and enthusiasm beyond all praise; and the impression made by a work, so wonderfully interpreted, but marked by extravagances pardonable only in a genius like Beethoven, was of a most elevated, nay, almost superhuman description. There is not the slightest doubt that the Symphony was the gem of the whole Festival.

On the third day, we had one of Haydn's Symphonies in D major. All the many delicate points in which this composition abounds were admirably brought out, the second movement more especially making an extraordinary impression. An air by Mozart—"Weh' mir, ist's Wahrheit!"—was well sung by Herr Schneider but, in itself, is the flattest production that ever issued from Mozart's pen. This was followed by "Die Nacht" (first time), a Hymn, words by Moritz Hartmann, set to music, for chorus, solo and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller. The estimable conductor of the Festivals of the Lower Rhine was, before the commencement of the Hymn, greeted by the male portion of the public, as well as the executants, with the most lively cheers, besides being overwhelmed with flowers and bouquets by the ladies. This brilliant ovation proves how highly Hiller's great worth is appreciated in Cologne. The Hymn itself—a beautifully gushing piece of poetry by Moritz Hartmann—displays, in a musical sense, sound acquisitions and honest purpose of the composer, and is a worthy companion to his other works. The first part of the concert was brought to a close by Robert Schumann's overture (brilliantly played) to *Genoève*. The second part commenced with a repetition of the magnificent chorus: "May no rash intruder," from *Solomon*. Especial notice must be made, also, of Hiller's beautiful and perfect execution of Mozart's D major concerto, as likewise of the rendering, by Mad. Dustmann, of the air from *Jessonda*. Here the lady was quite at home. She sang with great intensity and true art, exciting among her hearers genuine admiration. The whole Festival was worthily brought to a close by Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and the D major chorus: "Praise the Lord," from *Solomon*.

Although there were many details to which objection might have been made, I cannot, in concluding

my notice of this Festival, avoid dwelling on the fact that the performances on the whole were admirable, affording high and ennobling enjoyment, which will, doubtless, be long remembered by every one who was present. A. A. A.

ROME.—Franz Liszt is still here, and will, in all probability, not leave for some time.

EMS.—To-day, July 19, Meyerbeer proceeds, by way of Wiesbaden, to Schwalbach, to finish his course of water-drinking at the last-named place. According to a report current here, he was so delighted with the grand performance of sacred music at Exeter Hall, that he is engaged in the composition of an oratorio for England.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 16, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Some Thoughts on the Nature of Music.

Music is both body and soul, like man who delights in it. As to the body, it is beauty in the sphere of sound, or *audible beauty*. But in this very word *beauty* is implied a soul, a moral end and meaning of some sort, a something which makes it of interest to the inner life of man, which relates it to our invisible and real self.—This beauty, like all other, results from the marriage of a spiritual fact with a material form, from the rendering external and an object of sense what lives in essence only in the soul. Here the material part, which is measured sound, is the embodiment and sensible representative, as well as the reacting cause, of that which we call impulse, sentiment or feeling, the spring of all our action and expression. In a word it is the language of the Heart. Not an arbitrary and conventional representative, as a spoken or written word is; but a natural, invariable correspondence.

Speech, so far as it is distinct from music, sustains the same relation to the Head. Speech is the language of ideas, the communicator of thought, the Mercury of the intellectual Olympus enthroned in each of us. But behind all thought there is something deeper and much nearer life. Thought is passive, involuntary, cold, varying with what it falls upon, like light, a more or less clear-sighted guide to us, but not a prompting energy, and surely not our very essence, not the source either of any single act or of that whole complex course and habit of action which we call our character. Thought has no impulse in itself, no more than the lungs have. Out of the *heart* are the issues of life. Its loves, its sentiments, its passions, its prompting impulses, its irresistible attractions, its warm desires and aspirations—these are the masters of the intellect, if not its law; these people the blank consciousness with thoughts innumerable; these, though involuntary in one sense, are yet the principle of Will in us, and are the spring of all activity, and of all thought too, since they in fact strike out the light they see to act by.

The special moments and phases of this active principle we call *emotions*. And Music, which we hold to be its natural language, has for its very root and first principle, and is actually born of, *motion*. Sound is generated by motion; Rhythm is measured motion; and this is what distinguishes Music from every other Art of ex-

pression. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry too, and prose are all quiescent; they address us in still contemplation. But music is all motion, and it is nothing else. And so in its effects; it does not rest that we may contemplate it, but it hurries us away with it; our very first intimation of its presence is that we are moved by it; its thrilling finger presses down some secret spring within us, and instantly the soul is on its feet with an emotion. Painting and Sculpture give you the idea of an emotion, without directly moving you. And if speech can raise or quell a passion, it is because there is kneaded into all speech a certain leaven of the divine fire called music. The same words and sentences convey new impressions with every honest change of tone and modulation in the speaker's voice; and when he rises to anything like eloquence, do you not feel beneath all his articulate utterances a certain buoyant rhythmical substratum of pure tone, on which his words ride, as the ship rides on the ocean, borrowing its chief eloquence from that? Take out the consonants, which break up his speech, and the vowels flow on musically. How often will the murmur of a devout prayer overcome a remote hearer with more of a religious feeling than any apprehension of the distinct words could, if he stood nearer!

Music is a universal language, subtly penetrating all the walls of time and space. It is no more local than the mathematics, which are its impersonal Reason, just as Sound is its body, and Feeling or Passion is its soul. The passions of the human heart are radically alike and answer to the same tones everywhere and always, except as they may be undeveloped. And music even has power to develop them, like an experience of life; it can convey a foretaste of moods and states of feeling yet in reserve for the soul, of loves which never yet have met the object formed to call them out. A musical composition is the best expression of its author's inmost life. No persons in all history are so intimately known and felt to those that live away from them or after them, as are Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Bellini and others to those who enter into the spirit of their musical works. For they have each bequeathed the very wine of his peculiar life in this form, sparkling still the same as often as it is opened to the air. The sounds may effervesce in each performance, but they may be woke to life again at any time: so it is with the passions and emotions which first dictated the melodious creations. Hence it is that great composers have almost no biography except their music. Theirs is a life of deep interior sentiment, of ever active passion and affection, of far-reaching aspiration, rather than of ideas or of events; theirs is the wisdom of love; their belief is faith, the *felt* creed of the heart; and they dwell in the peculiar element of that, in the wondrous tone-world, communicating all the strongest, swiftest and most delicate pulsations of their feeling to the ready vibrations of wood or metal or string, which propagate themselves through the equally ready vibrations of the air and of every other medium, till they reach the chambers of the ear, and set in motion chords more sensitive, that vibrate on the nervous boundary between matter and the soul, and there what was vibration becomes sound, and the hearer has caught the spirit of the composer.

Yes, the whole soul of a Beethoven thrills

through your soul when you have actually heard one of those great Symphonies! There is no other communion of so intimate a nature possible as that which operates through music. Intimate and yet most mystical; intimacy not profaned by outward contact of familiarity; but a meeting and communing of the ideal one with another, which never grows familiar. Why is it, but because in sentiment the tendency always is to unity, while thought forever separates and differentiates? Feeling communicates by sympathy or fellow-feeling, the earth round. And music is its common language, which admits no dialects, and means the same in Europe and America. Light corresponds to thought, and light is changed and colored by every medium through which it shoots, by every surface which reflects it. Sound, or which is the same thing, *measured motion* or vibration, corresponds to Feeling; and its vibrations are passed on through every medium unchanged, except as they grow fainter. Light is volatile, but sound is constant; so it is when you compare thought with feeling, which last comes more from the centre where all souls are one.

Music is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sybil, chanting evermore of Unity. Over wild, waste oceans of discord floats her silvery voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold, inspired demand to be united with all at the Heart of all things.

"The Brown Papers."

It is some months since we informed our readers that these pleasant tales and sketches by our "Diarist," which appeared originally in this Journal during several past years, were about to be collected and published in book form, in compliance with the suggestion of many admirers of "the late Mr. Brown." We are happy to announce that the book has at length made its appearance here in Boston, although it is some months since it first saw the light under the auspices of a German publisher in Berlin. It is very neatly and correctly printed, in a handsome little volume of about 300 pages, somewhat in the same convenient and attractive style with the Tauchnitz editions of our English classics, and bears the title:

"*Signor Masoni, and other papers of the late I. Brown.* Edited by ALEXANDER W. THAYER. (Berlin: F. Schneider; Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.)"

The sketches are ten in number, including besides "Signor Masoni," which is the most elaborate of them, such charming, truthful pictures of New England life as "Susan Bedloe," "Our Music Teacher," "Ned Morse's Daughter," &c., and such thoroughly German and quaint specimens as "An Evening in the Harz," "The Philister's Reminiscence." It is enough to mention these names for the readers of our Journal in years past, who will instantly recall the pleasure they received from them, and will be glad to possess them in a book by themselves. They will be nice summer reading, at the seashore and elsewhere, and help to rest and refresh mind and heart from the ever-haunting images and anxieties of war.

We need hardly add—at least for the many friends of Mr. Thayer, who know and like his genial, characteristic vein of feeling, fancy and expression—that all the sketches possess a special musical interest, while they charm not less by their closeness to nature—human nature especially—and by their genuine heart acquaintance alike with German and New England home and country life.

Copies of the book may be obtained at the book-

store of A. Williams & Co., as above, or at the music store of Oliver Ditson & Co.; and in New York, at Appleton's.

WELL ANSWERED.—The following is taken from the *Musical Review* (New York), and it is sound doctrine. Many a young pianist, or would-be pianist without labor and without price, has a certain trick of "improvising," which he mistakes for talent. In any case, it is a miserable way merely to *indulge* a talent, which you should be educating.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT IMPROVISING.

"Dear Sir: I study the Piano and have taken a few lessons in harmony. But instead of applying myself to my lessons, I spend much of my time by improvising on the keyboard. My teacher grumbles, and says this will do me no good; but I think, that it adds greatly to my facility of modulating from one chord into another, that it improves my ear, and also my pianoforte playing. What is your opinion?"

Your case applies to a large class of young pupils who are ambitious to become artists, but who shrink from the labor it costs to deserve this distinction. It is very easy to chain a few chords together, especially as it is done in most of these cases, without any discrimination and refinement, nay, even without knowledge of a correct progression. We know the astonishing effects which these so-called improvisers obtain, and which mostly consist in giving the melody to the left hand, and letting the right rattle over the key in Arpeggio Passages or Chromatic Runs; but if there ever was anything more sickening and injurious to the real progress of the pupil, it is this practice of satisfying the very cheap and easy "aspirations of the soul." It makes him indolent, empties his mind, and kills the little talent he may possibly have had before it had any chance to develop itself. Even a full grown man of great intellectuality and experience will soon exhaust his stock of ideas, if he would undertake to live exclusively upon the same; how much more must this be the case with a young man in an art which, at least in its first rudiments, offers very little food for intellectuality. It is this, which makes the so-called improvising such a dangerous practice. In poetry and literature the smallest attempt at composition anticipates a certain straining of thought and occupation of the mind; but in musical composition, at this early stage where generally such improvising occurs, the pupil has only to know how to handle a few forms, and fill them with whatever may pass his mind, in order to produce a certain effect upon ignorant hearers. Now, this constant moving in the same narrow circle is such an enervating proceeding, that we can not wonder to see how soon the person who practices it, loses the appreciation of its low and degrading nature, and how soon he becomes really unfit to understand and appreciate anything but his own doings.

You say, that it improves your ear. If it does, so much the better, but we have always found that persons in your case have very poor hearing, for the finding of a melody on the keyboard does not facilitate it at all. It would be different, if you exclusively cultivated the art of repeating the melodies of others, constantly trying to give them correctly, and to learn how to immediately know what tones are wanted for your purpose; but this is a regular task of study, and by the very nature of your improvisations you will shrink from performing it.

It is needless to say, that your practice will not improve your piano forte playing; for a trial with any composition by a good master which does not contain the two or three passages, you constantly show off, will soon convince you, that you know very little about playing. Five-finger Exercises will make you a better performer than all your improvisations.

It is for these reasons that we would advise you, and all those who belong to your class, to abandon the practice of which your teacher very justly complains, and to give your whole time—your whole mind, to the teachings which are laid down in the works of the great and good masters who have written for the Pianoforte. And after having become familiar with them, and, if possible, knowing them by heart, and being also fully conversant with the art of composing—then you may satisfy your "aspirations of the soul" by improvising on your pianoforte, and then, only then, it will really benefit you.

Music is becoming more and more an object of attention in the accumulation of public Libraries in this country. The Boston Public Library, as we have already seen, has a very valuable nucleus for a complete collection, in the course of time, of all important works of music and upon music. The Harvard College Library—not to speak of the important musical library of the Harvard Musical

Association, which is properly a society of Alumni of Harvard—now contains a growing representation of music and musical literature upon its shelves, which is soon to receive a material accession by the purchase of the collection of the late Levi P. Homer, who was teacher of music at the University. And now a correspondent of the *Musical Times*, writing from New Haven, tells us:

A new feature has been added to the Library of Yale College, in the creation of a Musical department. It is true that works upon music, have for a long time been upon the shelves of the Library, but not in sufficient number to constitute a separate department. This is now accomplished through the munificence of a lady in New Haven, whose constant interest in the advancement of musical taste and cultivation among the residents of this place, is well known; she having recently presented to the Corporation of the College one thousand dollars, the income of which is to be expended in the purchase of Musical Works to be kept as a portion of the Library of the College. It is intended to collect works on the science of musical composition, histories of musical performances, biographies, criticisms, and choice works, in the full score, of the most distinguished authors. Musical journals and cyclopædias will also be added. I am indebted for these facts to Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, the courteous Librarian of the College, who also informs me that the same lady has given to the collection a number of curious and interesting collections of hymns and psalm tune-books. Besides her gifts, many other persons have also contributed very important additions to the collections.

Among the volumes remarkable for their antiquity, I noticed the following—"Harmonices Mundi," by Kepler, in which are one or two chapters devoted to music—this bears the date of 1619. The oldest volume I recollect having seen in the Harvard Musical department, was a copy of "Ravenscroft's Psalms and Hymns" published in 1633. Among the pamphlets and journals, I recognized "Dwight's Journal," and the "N. Y. Musical Review and World"—which have for several years been given to the College library, without charge. In behalf of the good object so auspiciously inaugurated, I make the appeal to all readers for contributions of such works on music, or compositions of merit, especially of the old masters, bound or in the sheet, as they may be disposed to present to the Library, assuring them that there can be no better method than this, to extend the means of musical information in this community, and thus deepen the love which we all feel for this noble art.

Maretek is reported to have taken the New York Academy for a term of six months, probably for the purpose of keeping the other managers out in the cold, for it is not at all likely that he intends to occupy it for so long a period. Ullman has already arranged to give his operatic performances, as well as his Ristori season at Niblo's. This establishment has been leased by Mr. Wheatley for \$16,000 per annum, and Ullman will have to rent it from him. Mario and Grisi have been trying to effect an engagement with Gran for a visit to America, but have not yet succeeded. Formes and Stigelli, however, will be here. The former is under engagement to Ullman. Signor Brignoli is rusticiating at Newport.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—We are indebted to a correspondent for the following programme of a concert by the pupils of the MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE, given at the close of their summer term on the 5th inst., in aid of the Soldiers' Relief Association.

1. Overture to Preciosa.....C. M. Von Weber
Misses Mary Chapman and Julia M. Alden.
2. Song—Die Susse Bell.....Krebs
Miss H. Lillian Bly.
3. Sonata in Eb.....Beethoven
Miss Mary W. Bassett.
4. Two-Part Song—"Trau' mich Schiffelein."
("Speed thee, my bark.").....Neukomm
Misses H. L. Bly and C. S. Chaffin.
5. Sonata in C.....Haydn
Miss M. Chapman.
6. Song—Das Ständchen, (The Serenade).....Schubert
Miss Caroline S. Chaffin.
7. Lied ohne Worte—(Song without Words).....Krug
Miss H. L. Bly.
8. Andante Gracioso and Rondo.....Rombert
Misses M. W. Bassett and C. S. Chaffin.
9. Vocal Trio—"Er ruht die Welt im Schlummer."
Richard Hol
10. Grand Duo—Allegro brillant, Op. 92.....Mendelssohn.
No. 21 of his porthumous works.
Misses H. L. Bly and M. A. Wilson.

The writer adds:

"A severe thunder shower prevented a large at-

tendance, but those who braved the weather to listen to the performances, universally express themselves delighted with them all. Very marked progress and improvement was noticed in pupils who have only been members of the Institute for the last term of fourteen weeks. Precision and purity of intonation distinguished the vocal portions, while the instrumental parts were given with taste and expression, as well as vigor and brilliancy.—The perseverance and earnestness of such efforts to raise the standard of musical taste above the popular eagerness for operatic fantasies, for crude vocal imitations of 'American Prima Donnas' in "selections from operas," and to offer instead, the nobler works and ballads of the immortal Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c., will, we trust, reap their reward in the extended support and encouragement of appreciating minds."

We notice, by the way, that a new term of the Mendelssohn Institute, still under the care of its earnest and intelligent founder, Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, will commence Sept. 18th.

A CATCH.—The following description of a catch by Dr. Calcott, is given in the *Musical World*. The words run thus:

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave?
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet, richer far, than that, your bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than one, I fear have part."

Now, in the reading above, there is nothing particular to be seen; but when the words are sung as Dr. Calcott intended they should be, there is much to hear; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus:—"A horse on fire;" repeating phia, phia, with a little admixture of cockneyism, fire! fire! Another voice calls lustily:—"Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;" while the third coolly says:—"I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," &c: consequently he does not care whether the house is burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

A MUSICAL MONOMANIAC.—M. Boucher de Perthes has recently published in Paris, a very entertaining book entitled "The Masques: Biographies without Names. Portraits of my Acquaintances, dedicated to my Friends." One of these portraits is that of a musical monomaniac who held a high position in the civil service of France:

V. de C—, was a perfect little gentleman, but totally unfit for the bureau of which he had been made director. He was music mad, and had composed an oratorio on the Lord's prayer. When the disgraceful negligence in his office at length attracted the attention of the higher authorities, when the briefs and documents received from him were found to be ill written, badly copied, and mis-spelt, inquiry led to the discovery that the infatuated director had chosen his clerks with a view to forming a quartet. The alto and the basso were excellent violinists, but had not spent much time over the arts of reading and writing. The third knew little French, for he was a Piedmontese; and the fourth had been all his life a copier of music. C— would not give up his four musicians, but to satisfy the heads of the department, he provided assistant-clerks better suited to the work of the office.

SAN FRANCISCO.—We have opera items to the 6th ult.

Miss Lizzie Parker had appeared in a new operatic rôle, Maffeo Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, with great success. In the French, German, Spanish and Italian journals of San Francisco, as well as in the American papers published there, we find very eulogistic notices of this lady. The *Franco-American* says she possesses the finest organ ever heard in California.

Another season of Italian opera was to be inaugurated at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 15th, Sig. Bianchi having leased the establishment for the purpose of conducting the performances under his sole management. He was expected to produce *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and in addition to Signor and Signorina Bianchi, Miss Parker, Mr. Gregg, and Signor Grossi, the troupe would include Madame Biscaccianti, Madame Agatha States, and Madame Schwegerle, (prima donnas), Mr. Schraubstädter, Mons. Charles, Mr. Leach, Mr. Roncovieri, Madame Klebs and others. Several artists of note were also expected from New York and Mexico.

Special Notices.

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Numbers of that well arranged collection of little pieces for the earliest part of Piano Instruction called "The Young Pupil."

The Vesper hymn. Transcr. B. Richards. 50

In the same style as the above.

Books.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE: A collection of Music for the Choir, Singing School, Musical Convention and the Social Circle. By Edward Hamilton. 1.00

The music of this work will be found to be new. Not new in name and form, but in idea and style. Its aim and purpose is to improve the taste of both hearer and performer, and it will be found on examination that this praiseworthy effort of its author has met with success. For the school a most admirable collection of PART-SONGS for two, three, four and five voices will be highly welcome. A comprehensive treatise on the voice, with an engraved illustration of the vocal organs, will impart a correct knowledge of that of which every singer should be fully informed, but which is seldom so faithfully enlarged upon as in this work. The body of the book contains music distinguished for simplicity, strength and dignity. On the whole there is much in this new candidate for the favor of our Choirs, Conventions and Schools to recommend it to their patronage. We are pleased to see a deviation from the hard-beaten path in which Church book compilers have run their round for the past half a dozen years, and to recognize a change. It is really refreshing to meet with something new in this line. It plainly appears, as elsewhere stated, that "The Voice of Praise" is the embodiment of the best fruits of the labor of its author in selection, arrangement and composition during a period of thirty years devoted to Sacred Music. The book is printed from large, clear type, the object being not to see how much could be crowded into it, but how well it could be done. Each page is open and handsome, with but one part on a staff, except in a few standard, well-known tunes selected for congregational use. We solicit for the book the special attention of all persons interested in Church music.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

